

Choice Miscellany.

NIGHTFALL.

The day is done,
And in the dark'ning interval
Ere night's begun
We pause to think on things gained
And treasure lost,
And find that we have waited long
To count the cost.

The morn was fair—
No stormclouds hovered near our sky
Nor hint of care;
The sunbeams danced across our path,
And life seemed bright.
So long we dallied on our way,
Shade forthright night.

The day is done,
And so we sit and think it o'er.
Our race is run,
Duties neglected till too late,
Are treasures lost.
Our triumphs, friendship, love, content
Do we count the cost?

—Houskeeper.

THE LAST DECADE—1895.

Nature dishonored by the man she bore,
The foils of knowledge, slaves of liberty;
Art that profanes the nuptial sanctuary,
Where truth and beauty wed forevermore;
Love that casts down the mortal well she flows
To join earth's Bacchic festival and fire.
With the wild Menade, in their ecstasy,
By charmed mountain peak and desert shore—
How long shall these things be? Till life's new wine
Is drunk to the last dregs of shame and wrong—
Till love arises, beautiful, austere,
And purified by faith and reverent fear—
Till man looks Godward and the word divine
Goes forth once more to cleanse the world—
How long?

—May Sinclair in Temple Bar.

A LONG SEARCH.

Everywhere Kitty had sought the quotation—
Browning and Tennyson, Shelley and Long.
Baskerville she hunted with great vigilance,
Shutting, however, the tomes with a bang.
Byron she searched, and Swinburne so burning—
Gosse, Austin Dobson, Stevenson, Moore.
Leaves of each one she was faithfully turning,
Hopeless her search as ever before.

Then, weary, fearful, she angrily flung
Out of the library—rushed she down the hall,
"Let's give it up," then she positively blurted,
"For I have forgotten, the line that I sought."

—Exchange.

A SHOWER IN THE VILLAGE.

This Word Picture Somehow Awakens
Pleasant Memories.

Over the whole village that stillness
reigns which only a Sunday in summer
can produce. It is nearing the noon
hour, and there is a glare of sunlight
everywhere.

The quiet of the streets seems to be
intensified as one approaches the corner
where the small stone church stands
alone. There is a service going on
inside, and the rolling music of the organ
faintly wafts from within reaches the
deserted streets outside. Rows of houses
with closed blinds and unoccupied
doors meet the eye on every side, and
down a narrow lane near at hand a
freshly painted barn gleams hotly in the
fierce sunshine. Three or four pigeons
have fluttered to the roof and are sunning
themselves and softly cooing.

Near the door of the church a horse
and buggy stand, and now and again
the animal, bothered by flies, stamps
and splashes in the shallow puddle under
the wheels.

A dog trots lazily up the street and
stops on his way to chase and bark at a
few belated sparrows. One of the pigeons
stalks with dignity across the roof, and
another flutters into the air with a
whirring sound and disappears.

The sound of the organ has died quite
away and only the distant clucking of a
disturbed hen breaks the quiet. The sun-
light seems to have taken on a darker
shade.

A sharp gust of wind sweeps up and
down the street and rustles through the
foliage of the sleeping trees. The sparrows
that occupied the street are not in-
sight. No living thing is to be seen, and
the newly painted barn, that a moment
ago looked scorched and blistered, seems
to have taken on a cooler tinge. The land-
scape is almost shut out from sight.

Slowly and in hardly perceptible de-
grees the steady rush becomes a patter,
and the sun, with sudden brilliancy,
changes each drop to a glistening diamond.

The rain ceases, and the sparkling
drops gently shake themselves in the
sunlight.

The shower is over.—Walter M. Eg-
ginton in New Bohemian.

The Nose.

The nose is destined for breathing,
the mouth for speaking and eating. Who
has ever seen a nose doing anything other-
wise than through his nostrils? Minute
scientific investigation has revealed the
fact that the number of people who
breathe through their nostrils are be-
coming gradually but surely fewer in
number. The consequence is that the
nostrils decrease in size, while it has
been found that the prevailing nose is
quite an inferior organ to that of our
forefathers.

Doctors at the present time are fre-
quently asked to operate on noses and
to enlarge them. Their owners have
found that they do not fulfill their func-
tions as well as they used to. It is be-
ginning to be feared by scientific people
that matters grow much worse we
shall lose the use of our nasal organs
entirely.

It is a well known physiological fact
that unused muscles and bones gradually
disappear. Fish, for instance, live in the
dark, for instance, or the mole, who re-
sides underground, become blind. Thus,
if we cease to use our noses for breath-
ing, they will cease to exist. They will
become superfluous.—Pearson's Weekly.

Subtle Flattery.

A certain rector in a Suffolk village,
who was disliked in the parish, had a
curate who was very popular, and, on
his leaving, was presented with a testi-
monial. This excited the envy and wrath
of the rector, and, meeting with an old
lady one day, he said:

"I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you
should have subscribed to this testi-
monial."

"Why, sir," said the old lady, "if
you'd bin a-goin, I'd have subscribed
double!"—London Tit-Bits.

THE FINEST WRITING

CONTENTS OF TWENTY BIBLES ON A
THUMB'S BREADTH.

The Lord's Prayer Obscured by a Small
Speck of Dust—How the Wonderful Mi-
nute Writing Is Done Without Any Kind
of Magnifying Power.

The wildest dream of fine postal card
writing fails to be of interest when
compared with what has been written
on glass with a diamond point. So mar-
velously fine are the marks that have
been traced on glass that when, by
means of a powerful microscope, we
clearly read the words covered by a
speck when seen with the naked eye it
is difficult to realize the fullness of the
fact presented.

Think of legible writing so fine that
20 copies of the entire Bible can be writ-
ten in the narrow space of one square
inch! Yet such there is in existence and
can be produced without any great diffi-
culty.

Particular attention was called to this
strange fact by Mr. Stephen Helm of
628 Columbus avenue, a member of the
New York Microscopical society and a
fellow of the Royal Society of London.

"The Herald's account of the wonder-
fully fine writing produced by Mr.
Charles S. Monnier on a postal card is
very interesting," said Mr. Helm as he
sat by his microscope with a bit of glass
in his hand that showed a blaring ring
in its center about the size of a silver 3
cent piece. "His accomplishment is
quite wonderful, but it is nothing com-
pared with what is on this glass."

I took the glass, but could see nothing
within the little black ring, but with
the use of a small hand lens a
speck of dust that floated unheeded
before our eyes settled on the glass slide
and obscured the entire prayer.

"That is the Lord's Prayer," said
Mr. Helm. "It contains 27 letters and is
written within the five-hundredth
part of a square inch. In other words,
the space it covers is one-twentieth of
one-twenty-fifth of an inch, and 500 of
such spaces are contained within the
bounds of a single square inch, which
at the same rate would contain 118,500
letters. Look at it and read the words."

The bit of glass was adjusted under
the microscope, and there, in good,
plain writing, was the Lord's Prayer,
as easily read as the words in this para-
graph. As I read the lines a single
speck of dust that floated unheeded
before our eyes settled on the glass slide
and obscured the entire prayer.

"This writing is not regarded by mi-
croscopists familiar with minute forms
as anything wonderful," said Mr.
Helm, "but the postal card story makes
it of general public interest. Now, look
at this slide."

The glass slide referred to was simi-
lar to the other, and within the little
black circle marked on it there was a
mark to be seen with the naked eye or
with the strongest hand magnifying
glass.

"You can see nothing there," con-
tinued Mr. Helm; "neither can you un-
der an ordinary microscope, but the
same prayer is written there as on the
other glass, only as compared with the
other, the space is as a New York city
lot compared with a Dutchess county
farm. Look at it under the strongest
power my microscope is capable of."
There it was, the Lord's Prayer, in the
same handwriting as the other, both
being done by Professor Webb of the
Royal Microscopical society, but ever
so much smaller.

"The larger writing, as I told you,"
said Mr. Helm, "covers a space measur-
ed by one-twentieth of an inch one way
and one-twenty-fifth the other. This
one covers a space measured by one-five-
hundredth part of an inch in one direc-
tion and one-six-hundred and fifty-
third part of an inch in the other direc-
tion. In other words, it means that
with writing of that size 74,118,500
letters can be placed in a single square
inch. The force of this is easier compre-
hended when we remember that the Bi-
ble contains 3,668,480 letters, which
means that the entire Christian Scrip-
tures can be written legibly, 20 times
repeated, within the space of a single
square inch and have considerable va-
cancy space left."

This wonderfully minute writing,
which requires a microscope magnify-
ing 600 diameters to make it readable,
is not produced by the use of any mag-
nifying power, but by moving the hand
and forming the letters as in ordi-
nary fine writing. The pen that is used
is connected with a series of
levers that reach a distance of six feet,
where is placed the glass slide to be
written on. These levers are so adjusted
that the motion of the end nearest the
glass end is much less than that of the
other end, so that the amount of motion
is identical as it travels along the en-
tire levers, until, when it reaches the
diamond lever armed with a minute
diamond that rests on the glass surface,
it is reduced to the required fineness.

Thus, while the hand of the operator
is covering with writing a sheet of pa-
per six by nine inches in size, the pen
is actually writing on a diamond the glass
the cutting diamond within the space
of one-five-hundredth part of a square
inch.—New York Herald.

Louis XVIII of France was ironically
styled by his subjects the Desired. He
was forced upon them by the allied
armies.

The name "barleycorn" in long
measure, arose from the use of this
grain as a measure of distance.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
IVER
PILLS**

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia,
Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A per-
fect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsi-
ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue,
Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They
Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BLACK HAWK AT SHILOH.

"Very few people," said my friend
Capt. Robert D. Smith, president of the
Athenaeum, "know that Gen. Wm. B.
Bate, now United States Senator from
Tennessee, tells one of the most pathetic
horse stories of the late war. Gen. Bate
was here a few weeks ago, attending the
Confederate reunion, and I reminded
him of the incident and got him to re-
late it again as it happened. I never
saw him so much touched as when he
told again of the attachment of his
horse, Black Hawk, for him, and the
animal's pathetic death at Shiloh. Gen.
Bate is very modest and no braver man
ever lived; but I was there and saw the
incident and can tell you how it was.

At the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Bate was
then colonel of the second Tennessee.
He had two horses which he used; one,
an ordinary, every-day horse which he
rode on the march and other rough
service; the other was a magnificent
black stallion—a thoroughbred horse—
as black as a crow and as beautiful as
you ever saw. He was a very stout
horse, not leggy, as some thoroughbreds
are, but symmetrical and shapely, and
the General always took a lively interest
in horses, this one had been selected for
him with great care and at a good deal
of expense. By the way, Gen. Bate says
he has since heard of a number of Black
Hawk's sons and other descendants mak-
ing most creditable races. This horse
was splendidly equipped and used by
Col. Bate only for parades, long marches
where stamina was needed, and for bat-
tle. The night before the battle of
Shiloh the commoner horse was stolen,
and the next morning at daylight I
remember what a superb looking object
our colonel presented on this magnifi-
cent animal, who looked fit to race for a
kingdom, or charge over the guns of
Balaklava.

"Men may talk about Gettysburg,
Franklin and other battles of the war,
but I want to see no stubborn or
bloody fight than we had down there
amid the woods, around that little
church and on the banks of the Tennes-
see. You may know what kind of com-
pany we had to entertain us, when I say
we struck Sherman's line first. Time
and again we drove them back and as
often they reformed and stubbornly con-
tested every foot of the way. The usual
position of a colonel is thirty feet to the
rear of his regiment, and it was in this
position that Col. Bate first went in the
fight. The enemy gave way after the
first hard fight—in fact, I will always
remember we took them a little unawares,
though I know that both Generals Sher-
man and Grant did not think so, prob-
ably owing to the fact that they were not
at the front when we began the fight,
not having anticipated it to begin so
soon—but arriving soon after they heard
the guns. At the next stand they gave
it to us, and it was here our lines
were nearly broken, and it was here that
Col. Bate had to put himself in front of
his regiment before they would charge
with enough determination to drive the
boys in blue again. All this time the
battle was raging everywhere. We had
driven the federal army past Shiloh
church, and towards the river, where they
finally made the desperate stand
that stopped us the next day after Buell's
arrival.

"Time and again Col. Bate led us
against Sherman's brave boys—that thor-
oughbred horse and rider always in front.
Once he made us a short speech
just before we had to charge again,
having been repulsed at the first at-
tempt. He said he wanted us only to
follow him and he would not take us
where he would not go himself. This
last fight was terrible. Before we struck
the enemy Col. Bate was shot out of the
saddle, the men fell around us right and
left and we charged on leaving all that
they fell.

"Now the remarkable thing was that
horse. When Col. Bate fell the horse
seemed to be at a loss what to do. But
as the regiment swept on, he quickly fell
into his place just in the rear of the
regiment and followed us on into battle.
We must have fought on for half a mile
after that, and it was a strange sight to
see that horse following the regiment as
stately as on a parade, and it
touched every man to see him rideless.

"At the first opportunity an am-
bulance was sent back to find the Colonel
and take him to the field hospital, some
three miles in the rear. In the con-
fusion no one had thought of Black
Hawk, but it seems he had not forgotten
his brave rider, for he actually followed
the path made by his Colonel, or rather
those who carried him to the hospital—
almost tracking him by his blood—
straight up to the hospital tent, and to
the surprise of Col. Bate, who had been
badly but not seriously wounded in two
places, one ball going through his
shoulder, he poked his head in the tent
door and affectionately whinnied to
his master while the surgeon was dress-
ing the wound. The next day the reg-
iment walked a few paces in the woods at-
tached and fell down dead. An examina-
tion showed what no one had noticed—
he had been badly wounded in several
places, one of which proved fatal. Gen.
Bate says he can still see that almost
human look Black Hawk gave him and
that last pathetic whinny as he walked
off to fall down and die."

PLANT "STIMULANTS."

There seems to be a general opinion
current among farmers that plants can be
stimulated in the sense in which alcohol,
for instance, stimulates the animal sys-
tem. But a moment's thought ought to
convince any one to the contrary, since
plants, unlike animals, have no nervous
system upon which stimulants can take
effect. Agricultural papers in many
parts of the country accept this false
notion of plant life; and many of them
are now seriously discussing the question
whether this "stimulation" is not wear-
ing out our farms upon which artificial
fertilizers are being extensively applied.
I think it is safe to say that this evil
is entirely imaginary. The fertilizing ele-
ments of artificial manures are exactly
the same in their nature and constitu-
tion as those in stable manure, or in
other ordinary substances, such as weed,
slaughter-house waste, sea weed, fish

manure, etc., which are used in the
ordinary way of farming. The only im-
portant difference in the manufactured
article is that concentrated forms of ma-
terial are used, and are made immedi-
ately available by the dissolving action of
strong mineral acids.

I have been using artificial fertilizers
of various brands for thirty years, in my
market gardens and on my farm in much
greater quantity than farmers commonly
apply—rarely less than a ton per acre;
and not infrequently much more; and
the only effect noticeable is a constant
improvement. Where I have had occa-
sion to seed down portions of my gardens
to grass, I have always found a fine and
enduring fertility which calls the atten-
tion of many visitors, who think that I
am top-dressing those fields heavily.

There are no reasons why such experi-
ences should not be common. There is
absolutely no chemical difference except
in the quantities required, and if I re-
member the means to separate the inert
matter from his stable manure, before
using it, he would then have almost pre-
cisely what he buys in the bags or barrels
of fertilizer. There is nothing mysteri-
ous about the matter. A commercial
or manufactured manure is simply and
only a manure from which most of the
worthless parts have been left out, and
those which remain have been made
quickly soluble by the use of a strong
mineral acid—sulphuric acid or oil of
vitriol, being that which is commonly
used.

The only reason why any farmer who
uses a commercial fertilizer gets the idea
that his land is made poorer by fertiliz-
ers is, I think, because the free acid of
the fertilizer acts, to some extent, upon
the crude phosphatic and other matter
which exists naturally in all good soils,
and makes them so much more available
that the crop gets hold of it at once. It
is the same as it would be if all the ma-
ture of a single season could be at once
utilized by the crop.—T. H. Hoskins in
Rural New Yorker.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

There are in this country over eighty
national trade unions, with a member-
ship of about 500,000.

Why not profit by the experience of
others who have found a permanent cure
for catarrh of the bladder?

With a population of hardly 2,500,000
Greece has a debt of \$164,000,000, or
about \$75 per capita.

"My Husband had a cold on his lungs,
and after using Adams' Balsam he
was cured. No more colds. No more
coughs. No more asthma. No more
bronchitis. No more catarrh of the
throat. No more hoarseness. No more
sore throat. No more inflammation of
the lungs. No more pneumonia. No
more consumption. No more tuberculosis.
No more cancer. No more syphilis. No
more gonorrhea. No more leprosy. No
more skin diseases. No more rheumatism.
No more gout. No more diabetes. No
more epilepsy. No more hysteria. No
more melancholia. No more mania. No
more insanity. No more death."

The total recorded emigration to
America, number 10,000,000, almost as
many as the entire population of Spain.

Everyone who once tries Dobbin's
Floating-Borax Soap continues to use it,
for it is more really superior to even
the best of the ordinary soaps, and costs
you no more. Made of Borax, floats,
100 per cent. pure. Try it.

It takes about three seconds for a
message to go from one end of the Atlantic
cable to the other.

A mirror could not lie if it wanted to.
The glass would not lie if it wanted to.
If the roses of health and plumpness of
beauty are leaving your face, your mirror
will tell you so. Health is the greatest
beauty in the world. When a woman
sees the indications of ill-health in the
face she may with almost absolute cer-
tainty look for the cause in one or both
of two conditions—constipation, and
dyspepsia. The organs of digestion and
elimination will cure permanently and
positively any so-called "female com-
plaint." Do not suffer. Pleasant Pellets
cure constipation. There is no reason
in the world why a woman should not
be perfectly healthy. She will gain in
health, strength and flesh. Hollows
under the eyes will give place to fullness
and grace. She will be that noblest and
most beautiful of all creation—a perfect
woman.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to
the Dispensary Medical Association,
Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's
1008 page "Common Sense Medical Ad-
viser," profusely illustrated.

Largest Family on Record.

In the Halian manuscript, number 78
and 980, in the library of the British
Museum, mention is made of the most
extraordinary family that has ever been
known in the world's history. The
parties were a Scotch weaver and his
wife, who were the father and mother of
62 children.

The majority of the offspring of this
prolific pair were boys (exactly how many
of each sex we do not know), for the
fact of the fact that the father of the
male children lived to reach manhood's
estate, and only four of the daughters
lived to be grown-up women. Thirty-
nine of the sons were married, and the
majority of them died in the year 1830,
the majority of them then being in their
reigning in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It is recorded in one of the old his-
tories of Newcastle that a certain
gentleman of large estates' rode "thirty
and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove
this wonderful story." It is further re-
lated that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of
the sons, and that other "Gentlemen"
took ten each. The remaining mem-
bers of this extraordinary family were
brought up by the parents.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
I, CLARENCE M. BROWN, Notary Public,
do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHENEY
is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY
& CO., doing business in the city of Toledo,
County and State aforesaid, and that said firm
will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL-
LARS for each and every case of Catarrh that
cannot be cured by the use of F. J. CHENEY'S
CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D.
1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and
acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces
of the system. Sent by mail, free of charge,
to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.

The ancients knew how to cheat.
They used a false balance to weigh the
ruins of Hierusalem.

A cockroach has 30,000 teeth, although
it does not bite. If there were
30,000 roaches to every tooth.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The first manufactory of edged tools,
including axes, hatchets, chisels and
cutlery, was opened in Hartford, in the
year 1826. Previous to that date it is
said that coarse butcher knives and
pickers were made in the city.
The heat of the sun and tapping the central
heat of the globe. Under the reign of
chemistry the earth, we are told, will
become a vast pleasure garden and the
human race will live in peace and
plenty.

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LINCOLN'S RESOLVE.

It Was Made After He Had Heard Stan-
ton in a Law Case.

There is in all truly great men a mix-
ture of self reliance and of humility—
two traits that are not so contradictory
as they seem. Lincoln exhibited both
traits in a remarkable degree. His acts
showed the one, his words frequently
expressed the other.

An anecdote in McClure's Magazine,
in an article by Ida M. Tarbell, if we
read it aright, brings out the secret of
this apparent contradiction. Lincoln's
humility impelled him to the exertion
which gave him his self confidence. The
anecdote narrates the first meeting of
the man who was to be president with
the man who was to be his secretary of war.

Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M.
Stanton were employed as counsel on
the same side in a great patent case
which was tried in Cincinnati in 1855.
It was arranged by their clients—much
to Lincoln's disappointment—that Stan-
ton should make the closing argument.

Lincoln had prepared himself for the
task, and he felt that he was not in a
position to acquiesce so readily in the decision
which put him in the second place.

Stanton's argument was one of great
force, and Lincoln listened to it with
the closest attention throughout. The
narrator of the incident, Mr. Ralph
Emerson, says that Mr. Lincoln took a
long walk with him after the court had
adjourned for the day. Mr. Lincoln
was silent a long time. Then he ex-
claimed suddenly:

"Emerson, I am going home! I am
going home to study law."

"Why," returned Mr. Emerson, "Mr.
Lincoln, you stand at the head of the
bar in Illinois now! What are you talk-
ing about?"

"Ah, yes," he said, "I do occupy a
good position here, and I think I can
get along with the way things are done
there now. But these college trained
men, who have devoted their whole
lives to study, are coming west, don't
you see? And they study their cases as
we never do. They have got as far as
Cincinnati now. They will soon be in
Illinois."

Another long pause; then, stopping
and turning toward Mr. Emerson, his
countenance suddenly assuming that
look of strong determination which
sometimes comes over his face, he ex-
claimed:

"I am going home to study law! I
am as good as any of them, and when
they get out to Illinois I will be ready
for them!"

How It All Came About.

It took the little acorn but a few days
to become the spreading oak. Hezekiah
Reubens told his wife in confidence that
Josh Watkins said he'd like mighty
well to buy Widow Spilkins' farm.

Mrs. Reubens ran into Mrs. Blunter's
just to borrow a tin of baking soda, and
she came away with a good deal more
than she needed. She had seen the ob-
ject that Josh Watkins talked of buying
Widow Spilkins' farm, thoughtfully
adding, "I wouldn't surprise me a bit
if he would take the widow with the
farm."

Mrs. Blunter left her baking in the
oven while she drew her shawl over
her head and went through the back
way to Mrs. Penrup's to tell her that
Josh Watkins was going to marry
Widow Spilkins for her property and
to wonder what would become of her
children, giving it as an opinion that
"like as not the widow would have 'em
brought out."

Mrs. Penrup could scarcely wait till
next morning, when she hitched up to
drive over and tell Mrs. Flowsy that
Josh Watkins was going to marry
Widow Spilkins just to get her property
and that those poor children of hers
were soon to be bound out to Tom,
Dick or Harry that would take them.

She thought "Josh a desig'nin' rascal
and the widow a craft mother."

All this soon reached the ears of Josh
and the widow. They promptly went
to pursuing the story down, and when they
had traced the thing back to its begin-
nings were so sympathetic that they
decided to be forthrightly every evening
to hold indignation meetings. It
naturally came about that they were en-
gaged and just as naturally that they
were married. Then Mrs. Hezekiah
Reubens and the rest of them had the
nerve to boast that they made the
match.—Detroit Free Press.

Spark Arresters.

The system of spark arrester, accord-
ing to a recent writer in Engineering,
which is found most efficient in loco-
motives, is, for coal burners, the device
known as the "spark arrester," which is
straight smokestack, netting, deflecting
plate and spark arrester. While no spark
arresting arrangement is absolutely ef-
ficient, the degree of serviceableness of
any such mechanism depends, it is
urged, upon the care with which it is
maintained in good condition. Fine
meshes will be found

Woman's Department.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

Children have the faculty of hearing and seeing much more than their elders would believe possible. They are too guileless to be hypocritical, but it seems natural to them to listen, and observe all that passes in their presence while they appear outwardly secure and inattentive.

The average parents are not careful enough as to what they say to one another and about other people in the presence of the little ones. One grown woman confesses to having all her life been a friend of the family because of something she heard her mother say years ago. She remarked to her husband, "Bob said he would be here to dinner to-night, but, as usual, he did not let his promise keep him from staying away."

It was said carelessly of a man who was so intimate with the family as to come and go at his pleasure. The child, listening, decided in her heart that "Bob" had broken his promise. "As usual" mamma had said. That must mean that he often lied—that he was, in fact, a liar. And this belief she was never able to shake entirely off.

Another's mail was brought in. Her mother's open a business envelope, and glanced over a bill enclosed in it. Then he took it across the table to his wife, with an explanation of impatience: "There is J—'s bill. It is even larger than I expected it to be. I cannot pay it this month. I simply have not the money in bank."

Terror-struck, the child left the room. Matters had come to a fearful pass. Her father could not pay his debts; he would be sent to prison as soon as it was found out. All day long the little one watched from her nursery window for the sheriff she thought would come to "sell them out."

So uncommunicative are children that she said nothing to her mother of her fears, until at bed time, when she was tucked into her cot—she caught her mother around the neck and sobbed out: "Oh, mamma, do you suppose this is our last night at home? Shall we have to go to the poor-house to-morrow?" Then it was told, and mamma explained that papa spoke hastily—that he could meet all his obligations, that the bill he had received that morning would be paid in good time, etc., until the little girl, feeling as if she had been snatched back from the very doors of the poor-house, went to sleep. But though she has now children of her own, she has never forgotten that dreadful day, and cannot say too much in commendation of the practice of speaking thoughtlessly where there is even one very little pitcher with big ears.

Cooking Water.

Few people know how to cook water. The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam, simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle—bath! that is what makes a good many people sick, and is worse than no water at all.

A critical taste will detect at the first mouthful, if the nose has not already deformed and given warning, the faintest trace of dead water in tea, coffee, porridge and many other items designed for the stomach.

More frequently than otherwise the breakfast kettle is set boiling with a remnant of yesterday's supply in it; the coffee urn has been neither washed, dried, sunned nor aired; possibly in the interest of a rigid and mistaken economy, some of yesterday's coffee is also "boiled over," and the partakers wonder at their lassitude and dyspeptic conditions. Whatever is neglected, the tea kettle and its associate pots should be thoroughly cleaned, dried and aired every day, and in no case should water that has stood over an hour in pitcher, pail or kettle be used for cooking.

If people will drink tea and coffee let them at least have it as nearly free from poisonous conditions as possible. That much benefit may be derived by many people from drinking hot water is not disputed, but the water should be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in a clean and perfect vessel and immediately used. The time of using, the adding of milk, lemon or other fruit juices is a matter of preference or special prescription.

In Visiting the Sick.

1. Bear in mind that the inmates of every home where there is sickness are unusually busy, having extra duties and cares, and, therefore, less time to entertain callers.

2. A call should never be undertaken unless you expect to make the recipient in some way feel the better for it.

3. When leaving at the door your card, flowers or a kind word, verbal or written, it is better that you retire from the premises as soon as possible.

4. Never ring the door bell or make any noise sufficiently loud to cause the patient to be aware of your presence, but make all necessary inquiries in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner.

5. Never enter the sick room until you have the unqualified consent of the attending physician or nurse.

6. Never remain longer than your best judgment, with that of the attendant, agreed upon before entering, dictates.

7. Do not speak of the malady or symptoms of the patient in his or her presence if you can avoid it.

Work For the Girls.

Do not let the girls grow up in ignorance of household work. If they thoroughly understand how things are done in managing a house, they will be prepared for whatever fortune has in store for them. The girl who marries a poor man will then be able to economize without difficulty, and she who is to be rich can then manage her large household and numerous servants with success, by knowing just how everything should be done from the kitchen up.

ANOTHER LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

Advices Use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Because He Knows It Will Cure.

Lieut.-Governor Fletcher Bids the Weak, Nervous and Discouraged to Hope, for the Wonderful Dr. Greene's Nervura Will Surely Cure Them.

The world believes the Constitution of Massachusetts.

Certainly no higher testimonial, no greater proof of a medicine's wonderful power to cure can possibly be given than is here bestowed upon Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy by this most distinguished Statesman and head of the government of the State.

Surely no one who is ill, worn out, run-down, weak, nervous, discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures to be cured can require any greater proof, any stronger testimony than Dr. Greene's Nervura will cure, that it will certainly restore health and strength to the weak and nervous sufferer, than Lieut.-Governor Fletcher's powerful words wherein he states that he has personally used it in his family with greatest benefit, knows it to be a most wonderful cure of disease, and earnestly recommends its use by all who are out of health and need medicine.

The great Statesman says: "I have long heard of the good effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and have used it in my family. I have heard cases among my neighbors who have derived great benefit from its use and can truly say, that as far as my

experience and information go, the results are highly satisfactory. This letter can be published for others' good."

If you are a sufferer from weakness or disease, do not hesitate to take Dr. Greene's Nervura and get well after such a testimonial from so illustrious and distinguished a Statesman.

Do you think so eminent a man of such high official position would lend his name and give his emphatic advice to use Dr. Greene's Nervura unless he knew positively its great value, its wonderful power to cure? He knows that his words will be heeded and his advice to use this grand remedy followed because of his high standing, and he unhesitatingly tells the people, speaking the welcome truth to the sick with the voice and dignity of official authority, that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure the weak and suffering, will give health and strength, renewed life, restored energies and the zest and happiness of living.

Remember also that this is no so-called patent medicine, but the prescription and discovery of Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, the successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, from colds and coughs without charge, personally or by letter.

Lieut.-Governor Fletcher's family have been leaders and advisers of the people, and publicly identified with the history of the United States for more than a hundred years. His father was both Lieut.-Governor and Governor of Vermont, and his grandfather was one of

the framers of the Constitution of Massachusetts.

Happy Childhood. In order to achieve successfully the art of happiness, we should teach our children as much as possible to enjoy the good which life has to offer. The half-naked savage beating his tom-tom with preternatural solemnity does not experience half the pleasure that an educated ear and mind derive from the playing of a splendid organ or a well trained orchestra, where the art of music is brought by composer and performer to the highest state of perfection. Nor does the simple native who stands before an impressionist canvas, and sees naught but daubs of paint, experience the exquisite pleasure which is felt by an artist who understands the beauty of the painting. The beauty of happiness, in the same way, can only be learned by those who understand something of the beauty of life and its exquisite significance.

Impress upon the children the duty of smiles and cheeriness, and bring them up to feel that in inflicting their sulks and ill-temper upon the family, they are not only doing themselves a grievous wrong, but are depriving their neighbors and companions of so much happiness which is theirs by right. Grumbles and black looks should be a punishable offense, as well as other kinds of theft; for has not one discontented, gloomy person the power of stealing away the happiness of a dozen more or less contented people who would otherwise have achieved their duty of happiness with success?

Winter Shortage. The word shortage suggests strawberries, perhaps because they are the first berries to greet our jaded palates after a winter of preserved fruits. But the shortage is just as delicious made of any sort of fresh fruit, and, according to recent discoveries, may be digested as well. The cake is the only injurious part, and this may be dispensed with, according to the following recipe: As peaches are the best fruit obtainable at this season, and as most every household will have them preserved for winter use, there is nothing more delicious than to use them as a substitute for the berries.

Cut round pieces of baker's light bread (stale) with a biscuit cutter, one for each individual. Butter them and pour over them a composit of fresh fruit stewed in sugar. Then heap each saturated piece with fresh uncooked fruit, sugar it, and pour over all a generous supply of whipped cream. This is a dish that every one will enjoy, and that invalids and children can eat without thought of "paying the fiddler."

For Mothers to Read. Mothers are cautioned by a physician who has had much experience with children's hospitals, not to permit their children, who carry a load of schoolbooks and forth from home and school, to carry the load always in the same hand or over the same shoulder, as many instances have been known where the habit lengthened the arm or enlarged the hand disproportionately, or caused the child to carry one shoulder higher than the other. If the books are carried first in the right and then in the left hand every second day, or the bag of books suspended from the shoulder changed about as frequently, the danger will be met and overcome, besides which the weaker hand will be strengthened.

How many times the good old Farmer has come as a welcome visitor to our home, each time bringing new thoughts. How much help we receive from it. I do wish I could write something of interest. I once read of "Filling in the Niches," but I can hardly do that in so well filled a column. How time flies, the holidays will soon be here. I suppose busy fingers are making presents. Why not write and tell us what you are making? I will send my cake receipt: One cup sweet cream, heaping cup sugar, two even cups flour, teaspoonful cream of tartar, half teaspoonful salt, little salt. I sift flour, cream of tartar, salt and salt all together. Use any flavoring preferred. Beat thoroughly. Bake in large tin in quick oven, or in small tin in slow oven. Try it.

Woman in Philadelphia Times. I had heard so many times, both in and out of the pulpit, says a Forum writer, that woman owed to Christianity her social elevation and the amelioration of her lot that I had come to accept it as a truism. At all events, it had never occurred to me to question the postulate until one day I read in "The Germania" of Tacitus that among

the ancient Teutons a kind of sanctity seemed to pertain to women. Truly remarkable, considering the time when it was written, is the statement that the German women were not permitted to regard themselves as standing outside the world belonging to the men, nor were they unconcerned in their warlike pursuits. If the above statement of Tacitus is to be trusted, I am inclined to believe that the Germans, amid all the rudeness of a pastoral and militant life, possessed elements of a higher civilization than the fastidious and overrefined Romans. The chief evidence of this superiority, I think, to be found in their attitude toward women. Among the ancient Germans apparently men conceded all that women demanded. There is to me something very noble in the comradeship of husband and wife which appears to have existed among these rude and hardy warriors—a comradeship half resembling that of boys and girl before the consciousness of sex has markedly differentiated them. Not even from the tribal council were women excluded. Tacitus expressly states that they were attentively listened to and that their advice was never left unheeded.

Taking Off Weight. Spasmodic efforts to reduce one's weight are of little use. You must take a brisk walk—not a saunter, mind—every day, increasing the distance gradually if you are easily tired at first. Sleep on a mattress and take care that your bedroom is well ventilated. Get up early enough to take a turn in the fresh air before breakfast if you have no active household duty to perform. Before sitting down to breakfast drink half a glass of hot water with lemon juice in it.

Take a bath every morning, hot or cold, whichever suits you best, and then rub the body vigorously with fairly rough towels until the skin is in a healthy glow. It is of the utmost importance to keep the skin in good condition, otherwise the pores become clogged, and the more or less perceptible perspiration which is always going on is impeded.

Turkish baths, if you can get them, are the greatest possible help, but remember not to expose yourself to cold immediately afterward without sufficient protective clothing.

Then about corsets. Whatever you do, don't attempt to reduce your apparent size by tight lacing. Let your corsets be a support to the figure; no more. A tiny small waist in proportion to the rest of the body is a deformity and only makes the corpulence which it is meant to disguise more noticeable.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Handsome Table Mats. Some handsome new mats to place under the jardiniere kept on polished tables are squares of white muslin with a border of plush about a finger wide. These mats are made over a stiff foundation of crinoline or canvas, covered with a layer of cotton and lined at the back with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, one of these seen, which is in a room where there is much glass, is a white muslin with a border of olive plush and is covered at the back with olive silk. The center of white china silk is covered with an all over pattern of flowers of about the size of a 25 cent piece. These flowers are outlined in coarse green embroidery silk. On the mat was a green jardiniere holding a plant with large leaves and a Turkish coffee table of mahogany. These low tables are much used in all kinds of wood for holding a single plant. In a room with a different coloring the mat could be made of white and dark or old blue or of raspberry color and white. A spread made for a large mahogany table is a large square of this kind, so that when laid on the table it leaves the corners bare. It has a border of apple green satin.—New York Post.

How Fur Will Be Worn. This season one has a fine opportunity of using advantageously all the furs, new and old, in one's wardrobe, for the fashion of combining two kinds of fur on one garment, added to the fact that many furs formerly out of style are again in high favor, makes it an easy matter for the woman who has kept these valuable accessories of winter toilets in some place where moths did not corrupt. These may be gathered together, sent to a fashionable furrier and returned completely metamorphosed into wraps both beautiful and useful.

For example, chinchilla, sable, seal-skin and mink, which are the most fashionable, are the most fashionable furs, but all the cheaper varieties seem to have their uses. Chinchilla is combined with seal this season, and short coats of sable are used over longer ones of seal. The fur boleros will be a useful fashion for those who have a small amount of fur to be transformed into a fashionable garment. These are very becoming to slight figures and very stylish with wide revers. The new fur coats are rather short, not so full in the back as they were last season, and have loose fronts.—Detroit Free Press.

Useful and Elegant. An apron which can be made longer should come quite to the edge of the skirt and will be found suitable for cooking, dusting or painting. It may be cut out from the wrist, which is light gray, there is a Swiss waistband, with the fullness gathered on at the top. The bib has small turned down revers and braces over the shoulders, all trimmed with narrow white braid. This braid may, however, be omitted, as it takes ten yards. The skirt must be made ample, so as to well cover the dress beneath.

A useful addition to this apron is a pair of full bishop sleeves. These are made separately, gathered at the top on to elastic, and so keep the dress sleeves nice. There are small close cuffs at the wrists. With such an apron, the freshest costume may be kept unspotted during the performance of household tasks.

Guiding the Chains. A new type of new woman has appeared in London. When she is offered a seat in a car the other day, she refused it, saying: "Indeed, no. This so-called politeness on the part of mankind is only the gilding of iron chains. Men are polite because they think women inferior to them. If they looked upon us as their equals, these stupid gallantries would cease."

Woman in Philadelphia Times. I had heard so many times, both in and out of the pulpit, says a Forum writer, that woman owed to Christianity her social elevation and the amelioration of her lot that I had come to accept it as a truism. At all events, it had never occurred to me to question the postulate until one day I read in "The Germania" of Tacitus that among



MISS LILLIAN ROGERS.

rusticating in the country, making sketches preparatory to the coming winter's work. Miss Rogers has been on the stage, but her love for music and art led her to abandon it. She has a well cultivated mezzo soprano voice of sympathetic quality. While in London she had the distinguished honor of being one of a party of persons invited to a breakfast given by the lord mayor, occupying a position on the lord mayor's left, and her intelligent conversation and charming personality soon made their effect on the company present.—New York Advertiser.

Rainy Day Dress Reform. A New York correspondent says: One of the most practical of the recent feminine organizations is the Rainy Day Club, which states its object, "We desire to establish through the agency of this club a distinctive sensible dress for business women."

Mrs. Bertha Welby, the secretary of the club, would like to see all business women dressed in a uniform decided upon by the club and distinctive enough to be recognized as such. "The dress of today," she concludes, "is an absurdity for busy women. It is impossible for a woman to keep neat and clean, even in dry weather, and I believe a gown so constructed as to enable a woman to keep immaculate fresh on a dusty day and dry and neat on a wet day is going to add to her self respect as well as her comfort, and thus contribute to her highest and noblest advancement. My idea of a suit for a business woman is a lightweight skirt reaching to the boot tops, two inches higher than we now wear, which would bring the skirt too short to be injured by the most inclement weather. The waist I should leave to the taste of each woman, only stipulating that it should be without frills or furbelows."

Miss Maud Morrison, a prominent business woman in New York, declares herself strongly in favor of the "rainy day" dress and is a bloomer advocate. "A pair of thick, black bloomers to fasten at the knee and come down long enough to make the skirt hang nicely, but not long enough to step on, are, I think, admirably adapted to the purpose. Over this a light dress skirt of reasonable length. Jacket and waist to please the wearer, strong, well fitting shoes and leggings and a hat that can stand rain completely ideal costume."

Mrs. Emma Beckwith, who is an ardent club woman from Sorosis down, is another prominent member of the club. The costume Mrs. Beckwith deems appropriate for New York's most erratic weather moods is as follows: "The most essential thing," she says, "is to have heavy cloth—men's suitings would be the best—so that the wind may have no effect on it. The skirt must come to the boot tops. 'Twould spoil the effect if cut either above or below. It should be of the divided skirt pattern and exceedingly full in the extreme to hide the divide effect. It should be buttoned on either side, with two large pockets under the laps. The waist should be plain and shoes well

Our Kitchen

No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. The best reason is its **saving**—of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies, without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free book—"Mrs. Foppings' Thanksgiving"—by one of the 101 famous humorists of the day.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Is As Clean As Yours

Young Folks' Column.

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old farmer Gray. "Pat on your things, 'tis market day. And let us off to the nearest town. There and back ere the sun goes down." Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind. But Spot he barked and Spot he whined. And soon made up his dogish mind to follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace. And joy came into the farmer's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come. But I'm awful glad he's left at home—He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot. And keep the cattle out of the lot."

"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot. The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold And got his pay in yellow gold. Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree: "Your money or else your life," says he: The moon was up, but he didn't see.

The dog under the wagon. Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined But quickly caught the thief behind: He dragged him down in the mire and dirt. And tore his coat and tore his shirt. Then held him fast on the miry ground: The robber uttered not a sound. While his hands and feet the farmer bound.

And tumbled him into the wagon. So Spot he saved the farmer's life. The farmer's money, the farmer's wife. And now a hero grand and gay. A silver collar he wears to-day. Among his friends, among his foes—And everywhere his master goes—He follows on his homely toes.

The dog under the wagon. BLUE COAT AND GRAY. In 1864, several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B., the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing small comforts as she could. Her house was burned, the plantation in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried him some beef tea. Every drop was precious; for it was with great difficulty that she obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy slip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a man on the next cot. It was a Yankee, perhaps, but the very look of him had burned her. She was a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face; and she remembered the words of the Master, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command, she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words, "For his sake; for his sake; for his sake I do it." Then she brought fresh water, and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he too, had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a senator from a Northern State brought home with him during the Christmas vacation, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only son of Mrs. B., the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the late years of the war. She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain a position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The senator enclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B., reminding her of the farmhouse on the Shenandoah, and adding, "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

The divine principle embodied in this act of the true-hearted Southern mother living son of Mrs. B., was the fruit of it, like those of every obedience to divine law, was a natural result and fulfillment of the promise that "Bread cast upon the water shall be found after many days."

PRINCE. In the city of Oakland, California, lived, a few years ago, a horse as beautiful, intelligent and affectionate as ever a horse could be. "Prince" was his name, and well it fitted him.

He was a fine, large chestnut, with eyes wherein affection and intellect were apparent to the most casual observer. The readiness with which he understood what was said to him was remarkable. "Prince," his mistress would say, "I would like to visit Mrs. Y—," and Mrs. Y— was a particular friend of his, Prince would trot most readily and rapidly to her house. Again Mrs. C— would tell him to go to the bank for money, and there he would go, or to the stable, where oats, bran and hay were to be ordered, and he would trot there at a lively rate.

He was always spoken to exactly as a person would have been. Once a lady, who was riding with Miss C—, was surprised to have him take her home and stop before the house.

"Oh, Prince," she said, "won't you give me a little longer ride?"

He shook a knowing head and raced around the block twice, stopping then as before, as if to inform her that the trip had been of a reasonable length.

No end of little incidents of a like nature might be related of him.

Upon the return of Miss C— from a three years' absence Prince, on hearing her voice, neighed and ran to her with such demonstrations of joy as no other living thing had accorded her, putting his soft nose against her shoulder and talking in his language until her eyes were filled with happy tears.

On the ranch at length an accident befell him that resulted fatally.

When he went from us he left a memory that will be long and fondly cherished.

WHAT OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD?

In no other country in the world are the chances for the poor man's son to succeed in life so good as here. Read the early history of Abraham Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and a multitude of others prominent in State and nation.

Among the foreign born, who have been more highly esteemed than our good friend and fellow citizen John Boyle O'Reilly, or our other friend Patrick Donahoe, or our other friend Patrick A. Collins now holding the best financial position which can be given by our President outside of our own country—that of consul-general at London?

When we went to Chicago in 1870, among its most prominent citizens—president of one of its largest banks, park commissioner, etc., etc., was a little Irish boy who used to attend our school in 1846, when we were teaching and studying our profession.

How well we remember trading with Vice President and Gov. Morton of New York at his little country store in Hanover, N. H., and subsequently how, when we visited Montpelier, Vt., to address the legislature of the State, the Governor of the State took us by the hand and informed us that when he was a little boy he used to carry the fish and the bait for us when we went trout fishing.

He was then Governor, and has since been United States Secretary of War, and is now United States Senator, and perhaps the richest man in the whole State.

What other country in the world gives such chances for the son of its poorest citizen—native or foreign born?—Geo. T. Angell, in our *Dumb Animals*.

Dear Boys and Girls: As I have not written for the column for a few months, I thought I would write. My school is done, but begins again in a few days. For pets I have two kittens, and they are very playful; and I have two white rabbits, and they are very cunning. We have a cow, and a very large pig, and six hens. I have three brothers, their names are Edd and Frank and Claude. I can't think of any more to say.

WILLIAM T. THURLOW, Lincoln Centre.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a little boy five years old. I have just commenced to go to school. I like to go quite well. I like to slide down hill, and I want some skates, and then I am going to have my brother Willie teach me to skate. For pets I have a little dog and a cat. I think I have written enough for the first time.

Kennebunkport. S. LEROY NUTTER.

A little Eastport boy celebrated his 10th birthday recently by a family party, at which one great grandfather, two grandfathers and two grandmothers were present.

We know of a man who worked for the election of McKinley, and said he knew if McKinley was elected there would be plenty of work. It came sooner than he expected. He had to get up and sawed the next morning before breakfast!

Enterprise Raiser and Seeder

Removes seeds without waste. Always ready for use, never gets out of order. No. 30, seeds a pound in 5 minutes. No. 35, seeds a pound in 1 minute. 25c. At hardware dealers.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of the Enterprise Raisin and Seed Choppers. Send 2c stamp for the "Enterprise Housekeeper"—20 recipes.

42-Timed Co.

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BEST PLANET LEAF

TOBACCOS

Every tobacco user knows that B-L stands for Best Leaf—Best Line, as well as for Buchanan & Lyall, the manufacturers. It's a name that means everything that's good for anything in the tobacco line—Dealers all say so—Users all confirm it.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 4, 1896.

FOR HANOVER: Leave Portland, 7.00 A.M., 11.00 A.M., 1.00 P.M., 3.00 P.M., 5.00 P.M., 7.00 P.M., 9.00 P.M., 11.00 P.M.; Leave HANOVER, 7.15 A.M., 11.15 A.M., 1.15 P.M., 3.15 P.M., 5.15 P.M., 7.15 P.M., 9.15 P.M., 11.15 P.M.; Leave Portland, 7.30 A.M., 11.30 A.M., 1.30 P.M., 3.30 P.M., 5.30 P.M., 7.30 P.M., 9.30 P.M., 11.30 P.M.; Leave HANOVER, 7.45 A.M., 11.45 A.M., 1.45 P.M., 3.45 P.M., 5.45 P.M., 7.45 P.M., 9.45 P.M., 11.45 P.M.; Leave Portland, 8.00 A.M., 12.00 P.M., 2.00 P.M., 4.00 P.M., 6.00 P.M., 8.00 P.M., 10.00 P.M., 12.00 P.M.; Leave HANOVER, 8.15 A.M., 12.15 P.M., 2.15 P.M., 4.15 P.M., 6.15 P.M., 8.15 P.M., 10.15 P.M., 12.15 P.M.; Leave Portland, 8.30 A.M., 12.30 P.M., 2.30 P.M., 4.30 P.M., 6.30 P.M., 8.30 P.M., 10.30 P.M., 12.30 P.M.; Leave HANOVER, 8.45 A.M., 12.45 P.M., 2.45 P.M., 4.45 P.M., 6.45 P.M., 8.45 P.M., 10.45 P.M., 12.45 P.M.

Augusta Safe Deposit AND TRUST CO.

No. 300 Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

TRUSTEES. J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES. EDWIN C. BURLEIGH, GEO. N. LAWRENCE, W. H. TUCKER, J. H. GANNETT, W. W. PARK, W. H. HADLEY, J. H. HARRIS, F. W. LINSLEY, J. J. CHODOL, F. S. LYMAN, HYRON BOND, JACOB WILSON, J. SCOTT TOL

KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.

Charles Rollins of South Vassalboro killed a fox with a stone one day last week.

The steamer *Kennebec* is not bringing in passengers down east these days, but lots of freight.

About the pleasantest illumination halloweek shinning out from Johnson Bros. There are some 275 windows in the whole establishment, and the scene at early evening is a beautiful one.

The libel suit of Forest Sanborn of Benton against W. S. Gerald, arising from a letter written by Gerald to Payson T. Sanborn on October 25, 1895, was finished in the municipal court at Waterville, Wednesday, with a verdict for \$190.70 damages for Sanborn.

Rev. C. W. Lowell had a ceremony to perform at the parsonage in East Pittsburg, the other evening, the contracting parties being Mr. Chester Blodgett and Miss Blanche Thompson. This is the youngest wedding there this year, Mr. Blodgett is only 19 and the blushing bride has just passed her 16th summer.

There was a fire in the basement of Spaulding's book store, Waterville, Thursday noon, and the damage by smoke and water is estimated at \$2,500. Some small damage by smoke was done to other tenants in the building. A lamp overturned into a pile of straw while a large consignment of goods was being unpacked.

Many friends in Halloweek and elsewhere of Judge and Mrs. H. K. Baker will be pleased to learn that they passed on Thursday, the 6th anniversary of their wedding day in the enjoyment of good health, though there was no formal observance of the happy occasion. Mr. Baker will be 90 years of age in December, and attends to his duties as treasurer of the Halloweek Savings Institution with the same daily punctuality and careful attention that have characterized his busy life.

Miss Carrie Sylvester was driving along Main street, Winthrop, Thursday afternoon, a runaway pair of horses collided with her team; the horses ran to the ground and sustained several painful contusions. She was carried at once into the office of Dr. C. W. Taggart, who discovered no fractured bones. The wagon in which she was riding was a wreck. It seems that the colliding team was at the grist mill of D. H. Maxim, when the horse became scared at the mill and made a lively tour through the village.

Thursday night at Benton, while train No. 32, in charge of Conductor Lowe, was doing its work, some cars were derailed on the main line while the engine went on the siding. As the train was pulling out from the siding the cars on the main line broke loose and crashed down the grade into the water. One car loaded with paper was hurled down a 25 foot embankment on the west side of the track while a car full loaded with hay just hung by a coupling on the other side. Wreckers from Waterville were set at work and had the track cleared in a few hours. No one was injured.

Our Redfield correspondent writes: Sunday morning the sleighs were out in full force. The roads were in good shape and a wise one remarked: "Certainly it was cold enough to chill the poor birds, and also the animals which were out to pasture. The farmers were generally hunting up their young stock." Harry Smith has gone up to Dead River to work in the woods this winter. The schools in town closed last week. The grammar and primary schools gave an entertainment at the G. H. Hall, Friday evening. The dramatic club played "Triss" at Wayne, Nov. 10th. A very appreciative audience and a good time is reported.

PROBATE COURT—KENNEBEC COUNTY.

F. R. Wellman of Augusta was appointed Administrator on estate of John P. Wellman of Belgrade. J. E. Brainerd of Winthrop was appointed Administrator on estate of Mary Lovering of Manchester. George H. Pope of Augusta was appointed Administrator on estate of Lizzie F. Pope of Vassalboro. Edward S. Crosby of Winslow was appointed Administrator on estate of Daniel W. Pettengill of Augusta. Daniel W. Pettengill of Augusta was appointed Administrator on estate of David Pettengill of Augusta.

Wills proved, approved and allowed: O. Melville B. Taylor of Sidney; Nathan W. Taylor of Milford, Mass., appointed Executor. Of Sally W. Wilson of Waterville; George A. Wilson of Paris appointed Executor. Of John Burdick of Chelsea; Thos. J. Lynch of Augusta appointed Executor. Of Addie Cary of Waterville; no Executor appointed. Of David Cunningham of Windsor; J. Roger Reeves and Edward H. Mosher of Windsor appointed Executors. Of Sarah F. Lambard of Natick, Mass.; Charles K. Nichols of Boston appointed Executor. Of Andrew W. Tinkins of Monmouth; L. O. Greaves of Monmouth appointed Executor. Of Elphalath Cooper of Augusta; Catherine E. Cooper of Augusta appointed Executor.

Administrators of John Burdick and J. R. Dinmore of China were appointed Trustees under the will of Josiah H. Greeley of China, who have the care of certain trust funds.

In the Court of Insolvency, a discharge was granted to Wm. Nichols of Augusta. Assignees were chosen as follows: Thos. Leigh, Jr., and E. W. Whitehouse of Augusta, on estate of Lewis W. Knowles of Belgrade; W. C. Atkins of Gardiner on estate of Isaac Milroy of Gardiner; F. E. Brown of Waterville on estate of Fred S. Benson of Waterville. The case of Natalie King of Augusta was dismissed from court for want of prosecution.

New York City in September tried to sell \$4,000,000 in 3 1/2 per cent. gold bonds, but withdrew them on account of the low bids. Since the election it has proposed of \$10,000,000 in bonds at a premium ranging as high as \$117.87, and the bids were for ten times the amount desired.

Mr. Cochran, our Boston market reporter, reports to us an advance in price in the foreign apple market. Maine Baldwin's give great satisfaction. Shipments going the other way are all sure to find an active market, as the sale is enormous from the first to the 15th of December, for the Christmas holidays demand.

Hard times and low prices are bad enough, but death and accidents often add heavy burdens to a breeder's expense account. During the past week, Mr. C. H. Nelson lost, after only a few hours sickness, a most valuable young mare, Sarah Fuller, 2.29, by Nelson, dam by Gideon.

Items of Maine News.

I. P. Crandon has been appointed Postmaster at Columbia Falls. Greenville had the first sleigh ride in November.

Apples are a favorite freight for New England coasting vessels.

The wild geese have been flying southward.

Nathan F. Roberts, one of the leading business men of Dexter, is dead.

The snow storm of Sunday night was quite general throughout the State.

The government gunboats, Newport and Vicksburg, will not be launched at the Bath Iron Works until December 5.

The will of the late T. J. Southard of Richmond is being contested by a daughter.

Deer seem to be quite plenty around Strong, quite a number having been seen the past week.

Harry Deal, the Lewiston boy who disappeared from home several days since, has been found working in the woods at Gilead.

Hon. William W. Thomas, one of the leading citizens of Portland, a man respected in business and private and public life, died Saturday morning, aged 93 years.

The steam mill at Sebect Station is progressing well, although frequent rains are a great hindrance. They have it now closed in, and are ready to commence covering it. It is to be covered with steel roofing.

News has been received in Bangor of the death in Sioux Falls, S. D., of Michael J. Roach, formerly of Bangor. Mr. Roach was formerly manager of the Bangor House, and was one of the best known hotel men in Maine.

The York Mills gingham department at Saco, whose product has not been profitable of late years, is being fitted with machinery for the manufacture of cotton flannels. Quite a number of new looms in that department will be ready to start next week.

Harvey P. Hinckley, Bluehill's representative-elect to the State Legislature, died Friday forenoon of apoplexy, aged 38 years. A special election will be held to choose a member of the House. This is the second member who has died since the September election.

Harry F. Doughty of South Portland was bound over to the municipal court at Portland, Wednesday, on charge of breaking and entering the residence of N. F. Trefethen, Sept. 27th. A pair of shoes found in the Trefethen house are believed to be the property of Doughty.

John H. Hoffer, for 12 years cashier of the First National Bank of Lebanon, N. H., is a self-confessed embezzler. An examination of his books shows a defalcation amounting to nearly \$110,000. He confessed judgment to the bank for \$30,000. The embezzlement covers six years.

The bear season in Oxford county is about over, as they go into the heavier timber as cold weather approaches, leaving the more open tracts with the falling of the leaves. Silas N. Locke has increased his record of bears captured to more than 60. About six have recently been shot in Stoneham.

Orrin Mank of Waldoboro, was placed on trial at Wiscasset, Friday, for shooting his brother Edwin, Sept. 30, during a drunken quarrel. On Saturday, while the jury was out, deliberating, by advice of his counsel, Mank, indicted for murder retained at his place of no guilty and pleaded guilty to manslaughter. He was sentenced to six years in the State Prison.

Boston & Maine railroad stations at Pine Point and Scarborough Beach and West Scarborough were entered Wednesday night by burglars who stole the safes. Only 25 cents were obtained in the three breaks, not enough to pay for the powder used. Several cottages at Grand Beach were entered. Nothing was taken.

The \$500 donated by the operatives in the factory at Calais, that have been in operation during the past few weeks, for the benefit of those who were employed in the four factories in which the rate was ordered, was refused, in consequence of the men's refusal to accept, was divided the other evening, the men getting on an average of \$7 each, and the war is still on.

The Piscataquis Iron Works Company have leased to the Perkins Danforth Company the buildings of the Piscataquis Iron Works at Katahdin Iron Works, and the water power, near the Silver Lake Hotel, and this part of the long, water plant will be transformed into a spoolwood mill, which will give an outlet for a large amount of birch in that vicinity.

Lewis Robbins, 16 years old, was arrested at Deer Isle, last week, charged with striking Wm. Robinson with a knife. It appears that the two young men got into trouble at a dance hall, where the blow was struck. The case was before Judge E. E. Chase of the Western judicial district, who placed the young man under \$500 bonds for want of which he was committed.

The work at the fish hatchery at Liberty goes on. The water at the outlet is so very high that it is somewhat difficult to catch the fish, but several fine ones have been taken. They caught two Saturday, the biggest 38 inches long and weighing 17 1/2 pounds. The one that was just four pounds lighter. One thousand rainbow trout arrived there from Green Lake, Saturday.

Chas. B. Harrington of Bath has returned from a successful business trip to Mr. Kineo, where he secured the contract to build the hull of an excursion steamer to ply on the Kineo Hotel Association to 75 ft. long, 13 feet wide and 5 feet deep, 25 tons, and has capacity for 150 passengers—to be completed in May. Mr. Harrington will commence getting out the material at once.

Mrs. Eva Jones, wife of George Jones, who lives on the I. G. Drake farm, in Carthage, told him that she was going to shoot a deer. She was not going to shoot a deer, but a short time after he heard the report of her rifle and a call for help. Mr. Jones went to his wife's assistance and found that she had shot at and wounded a large buck, but he got away before Mr. Jones could get a shot at him. Mr. Jones followed him nearly two miles before he came up with him. One shot from his rifle dropped him. Mrs. Jones is much pleased with her first shot at a deer.

Mr. C. E. Whitmore of Bar Harbor, who narrowly escaped from death or serious injury the other morning, while standing in the doorway of his store, corner of Cottage and Main streets, watching a sewer blast. The rend-rook burst a shower of broken stones into the air 30 feet. They flew in all directions. One weighing ten pounds struck a couple of inches from Mr. Whitmore's head. It hit a thermometer and the business, then went out of the weather long, narrow plate glass window all to pieces, landing inside the show window where a jeweler at work. Another rock sailed through the cellar window. The rocks fell all about that vicinity.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists, 25c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The importance of *The Living Age* to every American reader, as the freshest and best compilation of gleanings from the field of British periodical literature has been long recognized. Founded by E. Littel in 1844, it has never ceased to occupy a prominent place among the foremost magazines of the day. In pursuance of the same general plan adopted by its founder, and to give the best the world can offer, the publishers have arranged for the introduction of certain "New Features," so widening its scope as to embrace translations of noteworthy articles from the leading publications of France, Germany, Spain, Italy and other continental countries, many of which contain matter of great interest and value to the American reader, yet which, for obvious reasons, are absolutely beyond his reach but for the timely help of this delightful medium. In addition a monthly supplement will be given, containing three departments devoted to American literature. As this publication appears from month to month, we shall notice in our editorial column the special features as they appear. A year ago the price was reduced from \$8 to \$6. This reduction brings the magazine within the reach of a much wider class, and certainly at this price, with these improvements, it is at once the cheapest and the best literary weekly in existence. In no other way can its equivalent be obtained for less than many times its cost. Reduced clubbing rates and other periodicals offer still greater inducements, and to new subscribers remitting now for the year 1897, the intervening numbers of 1896 will be sent gratis. *The Living Age* Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Contents of *Lippincott's Magazine* for December: The Chase of an Heiress, Christian Reid; Shutting Out the Sea, George Ethelbert Walsh; Two Old Boys, Pauline Shackelford Colyar; An Open Secret, Connet, Emma C. Dowd; The Land of Tally, D. C. MacDonald; Thanksgiving (Poem), Grace F. Penney; An Old Virginia Fox-Hunt, David Bruce Fitzgerald; The Whipping of Uncle Henry, Will N. Hadden; Fame (Poem), Elizabeth Crooks; Filtration as a Fine Art, Jean Wright; Beyond? (Poem), Arthur D. F. Randolph; Our First Silver Mine, George J. Varney; The Evolution of the Poster, Agnes Carr Sage; How Timmy Saved the Piece, Livingston B. Morse; Anagrams, Arthur Inkensley.

Smith-Coburn.

The marriage of Mr. George Otis Smith, son of Hon. J. O. Smith, of the *Somerset Reporter*, formerly Secretary of State, and Miss Grace Maud Coburn, youngest daughter of Mr. Stephen Coburn, occurred at the residence of the bride's mother, Skowhegan, Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Rev. C. W. Hanson, D. D., pastor of the Bethany Baptist church, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends.

The bride was attended by Miss Josie Witherington Smith, as maid of honor, and Miss Edith B. Hanson as bridesmaid. Mr. Fred Padfield of Calais was best man, and Messrs. D. W. Hartorn of Wilton, Roy L. Marston and Harold L. Hanson of Skowhegan officiated as ushers.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held, during which choice refreshments were served. Both bride and groom have a wide circle of friends. They were graduated in the same class from the Skowhegan High School and in '93 from Colby University, since which time Miss Coburn has been traveling in Europe and Mr. Smith has been taking a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he received the degree Ph. D. last June.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Washington, D. C., Mr. Smith being an assistant geologist in the United States Geological Survey.

Brunswick Local.

Three and a half inches of snow fell Saturday night, affording fair sleighing till melted by the warm rain, Monday night.

Philip Scribner, a member of the high school, had his eyes and face filled with powder, Tuesday evening, while escaping a pistol he did not know was loaded. Mrs. Roxana Woodward, aged 81 years, died on Friday last. She was the relict of the late Gilbert Woodward, and a native of Brunswick. Her husband, who died a few years since, was one of the most prosperous and wealthy farmers in town. He commenced life poor, and by industry and perseverance became the most wealthy farmer in the place. On one occasion he was offered \$3,500 a day to work in a shipyard during the summer season. He declined the offer, replying that he could do better on his farm. At the time many of our young farmers worked in the shipyards during the summer season, thereby neglecting their farms which became run out and greatly depreciated in value.

A free delivery from our post office to Rocky Hill is to be started soon, as an experiment by the post office department.

Alexander Norman lost three fingers while shacking cars at our station. A couple of young men from Lewiston drove against an electric car, standing near the paper mill, smashing their carriage and injuring their horse, Saturday evening.

One of our largest livery establishments passed into the hands of the State last week. Bicycles and electric railroads are injuring the stable business.

Supreme Judicial Court at Augusta.

Edmund Cormier vs. George A. Leidecker. This is an action of trespass, wherein the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for an injury to his person by being run over by defendant with a pair of horses and heavy carriage, claiming damages in the sum of \$1000. Verdict for the defendant. The jury was finally discharged Thursday.

THANKSGIVING IN DIXIE.

BY ELLIEN PRIZELL WYCOFF.

Now do I feel as in the meadow,
An' we habin' chilly weather,
An' de owl air a hootin' ter de moon,
An' de cotton pears ter thicken,
An' de chery berry pickin' time,
An' de bosman call de niggers gooden soon.

Pur de lighted knot air burnin',
An' de cider mill air turnin',
An' de saters air all ready ter roas',
An' de pumpkin cake air bakin',
An' de 'buns air pie's er quakin',
An' de bosman call de niggers gooden soon.

Hits de day ter saint an' dinner
An' de bosman call de niggers gooden soon.
An' de bosman call de niggers gooden soon.
An' de bosman call de niggers gooden soon.

Living in a Hovel.

Talk about destitute Armenians! Could you have looked into the hovel in the evergreen woods on the northeast slope of Powder House hill, Farmington, last Saturday, and seen the destitute and sick family existing more like animals than human beings therein, there would have certainly been the involuntary exclamation, "Charity certainly begins and is needed at home!" This hovel is of rough boards, perhaps 8x10 feet dimensions, and a mass of ordinary height can hardly stand erect in it; no clapboards on the sides, and only tarred paper on the top; a small window with four lights, 1x3 glass originally two of which had been broken out—furnished the only light and ventilation, except when the clear-droop on the south side of the hovel was opened.

Inside this hovel was a small and poor, two-second hand stove set up in the northwest corner, from which the rust eaten funnel protruded through the roof; at the east end was a wretched looking bedstead, with a mattress, rug, and an old kerosene lamp without a chimney furnished the only light. There was no food in the house, and the only fuel consisted of rotten bits of wood or pieces of evergreen tree cut as occasion required.

Such was the condition of things when the writer, Arthur Blake, whose attention had been called to it by a friend, visited the hovel, Saturday afternoon; and the occupants were Herman Welch's wife, who sat by the stove holding a sick baby in her knees, a tall, rough-looking female lying on the bunk, and two young men (both strangers) sat around smoking strong pipes in all in a room, which was so small that a single person—to say nothing about the foul atmosphere. Welch, who is a worthless fellow, it appears had squatted there for the winter. He stole sheep, and put himself, it is said, but spends the few pennies his poor young wife may be able occasionally to earn. He was away when the officer called, and his wife said she had gone to seek food.

Mr. Blake promptly made a "rattling round" of the occupants, and at the request of Mrs. Welch the authorities of the town provided the necessities of life. —*Farmington Chronicle.*

Adrift for Eighteen Days.

A Philadelphia special to the *Boston Journal* says: A thrilling story was told Friday by Peter Mauner of Bath, Me., one of the survivors from the wreck of the Nicaraguan barque Chas. R. Flint, which, while on her last voyage from New York to Japan, caught fire off the coast of Brazil.

Mauner arrived at this port Friday from Liverpool, as cattleman, on board the *Chas. R. Flint*, which was wrecked on New York from New York to Japan, caught fire off the coast of Brazil.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY C. S. A.

One of the improvements of the past year on the farm of Arthur Noyes, Woodstock, is an addition of 36 feet to the barn, making it 40x86 feet, cellar under the whole, finished in modern style with harness, grain and tool rooms. A silo of sixty tons' capacity is filled with yellow corn fodder, "ears and all." A stock of fifteen to twenty head is kept, now headed by a pure bred Hereford from the Holmes' herd, Oxford, the cream being sold to the West Paris Butter Factory.

C. S. Hamlin, one of the good farmers of Waterford, had the past season eleven acres in sweet corn for the Harrison factory. The receipts from the eleven acres were \$510; from three acres, \$180. From six to seven hundred pounds of superphosphate were used to the acre, and Mr. Hamlin thinks that that amount per acre pays a better per cent. of profit than half the amount would have done.

At Hillsdale Farm, Norway, S. H. Millett, proprietor, may always be found a fine stock of cattle, very nice oxen and steers, Durham and Hereford grade being a specialty. The pure bred Hereford now at the head of the herd, Mr. Millett considers the best stock animal he has ever owned. He now has five pairs of oxen and steers. A nine months' old steer calf girths five feet, a very heavy build, and a very nice made animal. A real calf recently sold at six weeks old, girthed 3 1/2, 4 in.

C. S. Hayes, Oxford, the largest patron of the Poland Buttery Factory, keeps a herd of cattle of forty head, more or less, but with his 75 tons of yellow corn ensilage from six acres, put in "ears and all," and seventy-five tons of hay, "a small crop," he thinks he will have fodder enough, and some to spare.

Hon. J. A. Roberts, Norway, Senator-elect, has for some twelve years been in the dairy business, keeping about a dozen cows in milk. He now has twenty-five high grade Jerseys, headed by a pure bred bull from the herd of D. R. Jones, Sabattus, bought through the advertisement in the *Maine Farmer*. The butter is sold to regular customers at the village.

For several years Mr. Roberts has "collected" his cows, feeding winter rye, grass, oats and peas, second crop clover and oats, ready for use about the first of October, raised on land from which the crop of oats and peas was taken earlier in the season. A plan for the future is to use ensilage more or less through the summer as well as the winter. Mr. Roberts has made soiling a success, though he would not recommend it if good pasturing were near by and plenty. His herd "right through" averaged just about 300 lbs. of butter each a year.

A pleasant dinner hour was enjoyed at "Kingslide Farm," South Paris, S. M. King, proprietor. About twenty A. J. C. C. Jerseys is the usual number of the herd, at present headed by Wachusett of Bolton, bought of J. A. Cunningham, Bolton, Mass. The predominating blood of the herd is Teumesse and Signal. Quite a proportion of the herd was sired by Leon of Kingslide, so well known as prize winner at the State and New England Fairs. Several young bulls sired by Leon of Kingslide and Wachusett, ready for service next spring, are on hand and for sale at Kingslide Farm.

All the cows in this herd more than three years old have tested 14 lbs. or more per week. The 3-year-old heifer Lonie Wheeler has a test of 17 lbs. Hansansee, the dam of the remarkably fine looking heifer calf Florence Twitchell, dropped on the Maine State Fair grounds this fall, has a test of 17 1/2 lbs. Susie of Glenwood, the dam of Hansansee, when 3 years old took the C. F. Cobb special prize for producing three kids of cream in one day, on the Maine State Fair grounds. With all this stock, and four or five horses, the twenty acres of field, well tilled, yield an abundance of fodder. This last year season one piece of 2 1/2 acres yielded first crop of six tons, second crop two tons. Mr. King practices fall seeding, and thinks it is a good policy for him to raise grain.

G. E. Brown, Milton Plantation, keeps a stock of twenty to twenty-five cattle, thirty to thirty-five sheep, and five or six horses. The present season seven calves were raised, sired by a pure bred Holstein from the Burbank Stock Farm, Shelburne, N. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

pair. Mr. Jordan also has a pair of yearlings, same blood as the oxen, that have the past season taken five blue ribbons at the Maine State and New England fairs. They were trained and driven more or less at the fairs by Master James, the farm boy of the place.

G. H. Jones & Son Webster, (Sabattus P. O.) still keep about fifteen head of pure bred Herefords, at present headed by a fine looking bull bought of the late Hall C. Burleigh. They have the past year sold seven young animals, one or two having gone to Jonesport, and two or three to Topsham. The Messrs. Jones are well satisfied with their herd not only as stock animals but also as butter producers.

One of the farm improvements of the past season on the farm of C. V. Knight, Turner, formerly the residence of the late Dr. Edgecomb, is a new, ninety foot barn, one of the very best in town. The inside finish is in Norway pine, except the horse stalls which are in brown ash. The cow stalls are of the Prof. Hoard style, with a chain across behind each cow to keep them in place, instead of any of the various head hitches.

Our Earliest Currency.

It was not until about forty years after the settlement at Plymouth that the English colonists in America felt the need of a coined metallic currency. Few of them had brought much, and what they had was not in demand. For the first ten years exchange of breadstuffs and the usual commodities was active, and almost as it were, from hands to mouths, while silver was an intrusion and an almost useless encumbrance. Barter was universal in almost every article of household or agricultural use; and there was only satisfaction when, in 1631, corn was made legal tender for debts in Massachusetts.

Yet another medium of exchange had already come somewhat into use, which for twenty years following was the most acceptable currency from the St. Lawrence to the Chesapeake. This was wampum, or peage, the currency of the aborigines, made of the inner whorls of shells (the *carica*) found on the sea shore from Cape Cod to Virginia. The colonists for many years desired beaver skins for the European market, and corn for their own sustenance. The Indians would accept for these a limited quantity of such goods as suited them, but for the balance wanted only their own money—wampum. So the English and Dutch traders sold the shore Indians their goods for wampum, and with it bought peltries from the Indians of the interior. The colonists, sending beaver to Europe, received in return the merchandise they needed. Later, when the trade in beaver fell off, and the products of their own industry increased, they sent to foreign parts fish, whale and bone, lumber, wheat, rye, hard-bread, tobacco, turpentine, and horses, receiving besides merchandise much silver and gold coin, especially from the Spanish West Indies. Spain had for many years been drawing great quantities of the precious metals from the rich mines of Mexico and Peru; but this kind of wealth had not yet been discovered anywhere in all America north of the Gulf of Mexico.—*George J. Varney, in December Lippincott's.*

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

As per vote, the Union Grange meeting was held at Morning Light Grange Hall, No. 19, of Monroe, Thursday. There were six Granges represented: Morning Light Grange, Stockton, Granite, Northern Light and Eastern Star. The following programme was carried out: In the afternoon, 1st, address of welcome by B. Buzzell, 2nd, response by Brother Stinson, 3rd, declamation by Linda Chase, 4th, song by Annie York, 5th, recitation, May Webster, 6th, song, Brother C. Durham and others. The remarks by Brothers Chase, Healey, York, Durham, and Sisters Durham, Chase and Grant of Morning Light, Brother Stinson of Granite, and Goul of Eastern Star. Question, "Resolved that capital punishment should be adopted in the State of Maine," was discussed very ably by Brothers Chase, Buzzell, Ritchie, Durham and others. The next meeting of the Union will be at North Seaport on Thursday of the full moon in December, if it does not interfere with County Grange. This was the first of these meetings to be held in these parts, and a very busy time of year, but it was quite well attended, and we feel sure we will make it a success, as they have elsewhere, and we wish to extend an invitation to any Grange through the papers, to join in the undertaking.

Cornish Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, dedicated their Grange temple, Thursday afternoon. About three hundred representative patrons from all over York county were present, and State Secretary Libby of Auburn officiated in behalf of the Maine State Grange. Dinner was served to the guests, and six months has been devoted to building this Grange temple, which exceeded Solomon, King of Israel by four years.

The next meeting of Androscoggin County Grange will be with Stevens Mills Grange, No. 294, the first Wednesday in December. The programme will be as follows: Forenoon entertainment by Danville Junction Grange, No. 30; exemplification of the unwritten work by County Deputy, J. L. Lowell; afternoon, declamation by Arthur Libby; reading by Alice Howard; reading by Miss Bridgman; paper by B. F. Briggs.

—*Excelsior Pomona.* Grange No. 4, P. of H., Franklin county, will hold its regular meeting with New Sharon Grange, Thursday, Dec. 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The leading Poultry Men have found after several years' experimenting that

High Priced Eggs

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World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, New Orleans 1884 and 1885.

HIGHEST AWARDS
Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, 1887.

DIPLOMA
Alabama State Agr. Society at Montgomery, 1888.

AWARD
Chattahoochee Valley Expo., Columbus, Ga., 1886.

HIGHEST AWARDS
St. Louis Agric. and Mech. Ex. Co., 1889.

SIX HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

HIGHEST AWARDS
Western Fair Association, London, Can., 1892.

SIX GOLD MEDALS
Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, Cal., 1894.

SILVER MEDAL
Toronto Exposition, Toronto, Canada, 1895.

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I shall reopen **PARTRIDGE'S OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE**, opposite Post Office, next store to my old corner, as soon as repairs are completed tomorrow. Until then, I have temporary quarters at A. M. Wight's Jewelry Store, where I will fill all orders received for medicines. I have there a choice fresh stock of Drug Store Goods, like Brushes, Perfumes, Sachet Powders, Toilet Soaps, Vaseline, Sponges and new toilet articles at reasonable prices. Best quality Hot Water Bags, Syringes, Nursing Fixtures and Rubber Goods.

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PIN WORM ELIXIR
Best for Children

Two A. J. C. bulls of choice breeding, dropped Aug. 6th and Nov. 22d, 1896, solid color, black and white, and fit to stand with the best. 1894. This stock is registered, and will be sold low for cash. Send for description and pedigree. 4285, M. HAYNES, Monmouth, Me.

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Three well bred young heifers, coming two years old. One yearling black and white, one yearling red and white. One United States Separator, nearly new; cost \$125; price \$75. One barrel corn, \$6.00. One small cow, \$2.00. 300 lbs. No. 1 apples, 75 tons No. 1 English hay, 30 tons pressed straw. 1000 bushels oats. 213

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First class instrument, with all modern improvements. Has been used some, but is in good condition. Cost \$400, but the owner having no use for it will sell for \$199. Call or address J. T. PATTERSON, 313 Middle St., Augusta, Maine.

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